



A LITERARY AND CRITICAL GAZETTE.

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NO. 3.

FOR THE ARIEL.

My needle I plied, and my needle I broke,
And carelessly threw it away,
When, musing awhile, to my fancy it spoke,
"Not so all my labors repay:
"But listen and learn—for a creature of dust,
Like thyself, I was formed of the earth;
I was dug, I was fashioned, and polished from rust,
And became then an object of worth.
"But oh! what of labor, of toil, and of pain,
A change to accomplish so happy and new,
Was suffered and borne—but an ultimate gain
Was the prize, the reward kept in view.
"I may once more be useful, and point to the way,
Thou mortal, must travel, to rest;
To become a new creature in heart—for the clay
That now thou art clothed with, will soon melt away,
That thy end may be even more blest."

JETORA.

FOR THE ARIEL.

MR. EDITOR.—I was very much interested in the perusal of the article entitled "Embanking," in the first number of the Ariel, in which are detailed the Herculean labors of Mr. Harriot, in endeavoring to rescue an island from the dominion of the ocean. I can well remember an occurrence, not exactly similar, but very much resembling, in many respects, the inundation experienced by Mr. H. and which took place some years ago in the state of Vermont.

In the town of Glover, there were two beautiful sheets of water, or lakes, the one called Long Lake, and the other Mud Lake. The former was a clean and lucid pond of two miles long, and three quarters broad, while its depth was immense, not less than one hundred and fifty feet. The volume of water which it contained was therefore very great. A small stream flowing in from the west, furnished its principal supply, while its outlet was at the southern extremity, where a dull, heavy stream carried off what little water the lake could spare.

Mud Lake was about a mile long, from north to south, and half a mile wide, and discharged its surplus water through Barton river, in a northern direction. These two lakes were about two hundred rods apart; yet no communication existed between them, their waters going out in entirely different directions.

Long Lake was elevated two hundred feet above Mud Lake, and the barrier of earth which separated the two, of a sandy foundation, topped off with gravel, which, being packed down close, formed a complete separation between the two.

The peculiar situation of the two lakes, with regard to each other, had been the subject of frequent discussion among the people in the vicinity, as to the possibility of opening a ditch, or canal, from Long Lake, so as to let the water down into Mud Lake, and thus give a regular and ample supply to the mills below, which, from the inadequacy of the streams from Mud Lake, were frequently obliged to stop. The project was finally agreed upon; and one morning in the year 1810, (I cannot remember the day nor the month) about an hundred persons, from the town of Barton, Glover, and other places near, assembled, provided with shovels,

pick-axes, crowbars, &c. to commence the operation. At ten o'clock they began at a spot thought the most suitable, by cutting down trees, and digging a trench across the barrier of earth which separated the two lakes. The company worked bravely till three o'clock, when, after taking a hearty pull at their well supplied canteens, they found a trench of six feet deep; and twenty or thirty rods in length, by ten feet wide. It began within three feet of the water in Long Lake, and ran down to the brow of the hill that overlooked Mud Lake, and descending at an angle sufficient to make the water run down into the latter, whenever the little tuft at the head of the trench should be removed. After an hour of rest and merriment, all hands went to work at clearing it away. It was done in a few minutes—and now the interesting part of the operation was approaching. An immense crowd of spectators beheld it in breathless silence. The upper crust of gravel was removed, and then a few feet of the sand below, until it reached a level with the water in the upper lake, and it began to flow in. The crowd drew back upon the banks of the canal, and to their utter amazement, found that the water did not run as they expected. They now, for the first time, discovered that the sand was *quick-sand*. The water refused to flow over it, and was immediately imbibed as it touched it. It worked down into the sand, causing both to disappear at the same time, and leaving an immense pile of hard gravel crust over-hanging the vacuum, which, being deprived of support, gave way with a tremendous crash, and tumbled into the lake below. This occasioned a furious rush of the water from above, which in a short time swept away a still larger portion of the sand and crust, and opened the way for the whole body of the Long Lake, which now seemed impatient to follow after the first. Just as the efflux of the water commenced, four or five of the workmen pushed out into the lake upon a raft; intending to cross its northern end, and on their way to sound an *hurrah*, becoming the occasion; but, the alarm having been given, they put to shore, and had barely left the ground on which they landed, when it disappeared. One of the others, having remained too long at work in the trench, was struck by the torrent; and the ground being washed from beneath him, he would have been carried away, had he not been caught by the hair of his head. Another, waiting too long to witness the violence of the water, was forced partly under the earth; and it was owing, probably, to the momentary resistance presented by the roots of a large tree, against which he was driven, that he, and those who came to his assistance, were saved. These accidents induced the workmen to retreat with rapidity from the sides of the widening gulph. In the language of one of them, they felt the ground beneath "quiver, quiver, quiver!" as they ran away with all possible speed to save their lives. Having all at length got out of danger, they stood upon firm ground, near the lake, and on both sides of the widening chasm, and observed the progress of the desolation.

As the water rushed from the southern towards the northern extremity, it forced up upon the shore a large mass of the soft, oozy mud, several rods above the existing water level, on either side of the outlet. This

mud remained stationary for some time, and on its surface a large number of the fish of the lake lay snapping and floundering. Just as one of the workmen was venturing into the mud to secure some of the fish, the water having chiefly run out, the two masses of mud, being no longer pressed upon by the force of water, slid down at once in the gulf, and were immediately swept away.

This process of undermining and fracturing successive portions of the hard-pa, having been continued about twenty minutes, a passage was forced through its down to its lowest extremity; and the superincumbent water of the lake, being thus left wholly without support, flowed with such impetuosity towards the northern shore, that all gave way, to the width of more than a quarter of a mile, and the depth of 150-feet. The whole barrier being thus removed, the entire mass of waters rushed out with inconceivable force and violence; and, the northern end being the deepest, it was but a few moments before a volume of water, a mile and a half in length, about three-fourths of a mile in width, and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in depth, had wholly disappeared.

The liberated mass of waters made its way down the declivity, to the valley of Mud Lake, tearing up and bearing before it trees, earth and rocks, and excavating a channel of a quarter of a mile in width, and from fifty to eighty feet in depth. With the immense momentum which it had gained, it flowed into this valley, forcing forward, with irresistible impetuosity, the spoils which it had already accumulated; tore away masses of earth from the high grounds on each side of the lake; excavated the whole bottom of the valley, including the shores of the lake, to the depth of perhaps thirty feet; and, with the additional mass of water thus acquired, made its way down the channel of Barton river.

Mud Lake had originally a narrow outlet, and rising grounds of moderate height bounded it at the northern end. The accumulated torrent, bearing along the gathered spoils of its own desolations, broke away this mound in a moment; and following the course of the river, rushed down the long and rapid descent of five miles towards the flats in Barton. Through all this distance it tore up and carried away the forest trees, and hollowed out to itself a path in the earth, varying from twenty to thirty rods in width, and from twenty feet to sixty in depth, so that every trace of the original bed of Barton river disappeared, and the river was left to choose for itself a new bed, many feet below the old one, in the bottom of the gulley.

The torrent, thus liberated, swept onward through a region covered with forests, uprooting the stately trees—ploughing up the earth, and whirling the accumulated mass on with boundless fury. Where an obstruction was found so firm as to produce an eddy, so the ruins borne by the torrent were deposited while the waters paused, and tracts of fertile land were converted into barren wastes. The trees were torn up with large masses of earth and rocks, and the timber piled up in some places to the height of sixty or eighty feet. One field of twenty acres was buried to the depth of twenty feet. The noise, like that of a mighty earthquake, was heard many miles round, and the cattle

came running to their homes in great consternation, and the shaking of the earth greatly alarmed the surrounding country. The torrent swept away the bridges and mills on its path, with the ground beneath. The proprietor of one mill commenced a suit against some of the individuals engaged in breaking up the lake, but before a legal decision, it was compromised by the payment of one hundred dollars, each party defraying his own cost.

The lower lake, although much filled up, and having its banks lowered, still exists; and the accident, attended with no loss of lives and no essential damage to a wild region, opened a route for the construction of a road where hills and waters had before presented insurmountable obstacles.

An inhabitant of Barton, seeing the approaching torrent bearing the forest on its top, and hearing the thunder of the flood, seized his wife in his arms, and carried her up the bank beyond its path. The water rose to the eaves of the house, and moved it from its foundation against some firmly fastened stumps. A person employed in one of the mills, ran to save himself, and just escaped the waters. His horse, the post to which he had been tied, and the building, were immediately swept away.

This remarkable occurrence was the subject of general amazement and regret throughout the neighborhood. It was told in the newspapers at the time, but received by many at a distance with much doubt.—The facts above stated, however, are strictly correct: part of them I have of my own knowledge, and a part from printed narratives of the event.

Bangor, Me. May 10th.

P. S.

FOR THE ARIEL.

PASSAGE TO WHAMPOO.

Having procured the necessary chop, or license, from the Mandareen, we left Macoa, and rejoining our ship, proceeded up the river towards Canton. The land along the margin of the river, and apparently a considerable distance beyond, is generally low and flat, though it sometimes rises into high and rocky eminences. The low grounds are overflowed by the Spring tides, and are generally used in the cultivation of rice. The general appearance of the country is very peculiar. As the Chinese, in this part of their empire, make no use of wheeled carriages, there are of course, no roads, but the tops of the embankments, which are the only enclosures, are paved with flag stones, and serve for foot paths. Every thing evinces the patient industry and perseverance of the people, particularly in the bridges, which occur very frequently, and are almost always formed by building a wall upon each side, and laying over slabs of granite, of a sufficient length to reach from one to the other. These are sometimes fifteen or twenty feet long, and when we take into consideration the imperfect tools of the Chinese, the labor in hewing them out must have been immense.

The first place on the passage upward, of any note, is the Bocca Tigris, (Tiger's Mouth,) so called from two strong forts, at the mouth of the channel leading to Canton. Here we were obliged to send our pilot ashore to have our chop examined, or run the risk of being blown into ten thousand atoms, which is the only alternative left by his majesty, to those who should have the temerity to attempt passing without performing the requisite ceremonies. The river is about half a mile in width, and runs between two steep, narrow hills, on which the forts are built. They are large, and mount a great number of guns, but from the Chinese method of using them, they appear likely to endanger the fish more than any thing else. They are embedded in a straight block of wood, and fired by means of a squib placed upon the touch-hole, which the gunners light and then run behind the best defence they can find, to protect themselves against the effects of their own valor! The favorite weapons of the Chinese are Stones;

almost every boat carries a basket full, and sometimes when a quarrel arises, they pelt each other unmercifully; but they do not seem to have any great predilection for gunpowder.

Near the second bar, about ten miles above the Bocca Tigris, we passed the first large pagoda on the river. It stands upon an eminence, and consists of nine stories, each about twenty feet in height. These buildings are so ancient, that the Chinese themselves have no records of the time when they were erected, or of the uses for which they were originally intended. It is said that some, higher up the country, are still complete, and have large bells and other grotesque ornaments, suspended from the corners of the roof that projects over each story. Those below Canton are much dilapidated, and the entrances of one or two of them are walled up, to prevent adventurous people exposing themselves to danger from the stones which are constantly falling. Trees of considerable height are growing upon their tops, and on coming opposite the light, can be seen through the windows of both sides from the river. The interior is hollow, and was originally finished with a winding passage to the summit; but it is now almost entirely obliterated.

Having a fair breeze, we arrived at Whampoo about an hour before sunset, and came to anchor amongst the other shipping. Immediately we were surrounded by a great number of small boats, containing from one to half a dozen girls, who, climbing up the sides of the vessel with great agility, soon presented a double line of heads along the rail, from stem to stern. Each of the damsels brought her lap full of oranges, which they distributed amongst the sailors with great liberality, and only asked in return the favor of being allowed to do their washing. It must be confessed, that our tars did not on this occasion display all that magnanimity and gallantry they are usually supposed to exercise towards the fair sex; but accepted the bounty, and promised employment, to as many as solicited it, though the whole washable apparel of most of them, did not amount to much more than half a checked shirt, and a pair of corduroy inexpressibles!

The anchoring ground of the ships is about a mile and a half or two miles below the town of Whampoo, which is situated upon a point of a low, flat island, and though not large, yet, from the vast number of boats which rendezvous in its neighborhood, has the appearance of being very populous. It may be said indeed, that more than one half of the town is on the water. The boats are of all shapes and sizes; and most of them are under the management of females; the men going a shore during the day to labor, whilst their wives and children float about, and pick up what they can. As soon as it was dark, we had an opportunity of witnessing one of the religious ceremonies peculiar to the Chinese. It is called "Ching-chinsing Josh;" and is always performed about night fall. The owner of every boat setting fire to a quantity of match paper, or some light combustible substance, goes to the stem of the boat, and waving it about for sometime, throws it into the water. Whilst this ceremony is going forward, the rest of the crew beat upon their gongs, and make as much noise as possible by any other means in their power. The thousands of lights which thus appear and die away again in an instant, have a very singular and pleasing effect. The word, "chin-chin," is the common salutation made use of, and is perhaps equivalent to 'I wish you well,' or some such compliment.

It appears on a casual view of the world, as if there was a great number of souls originally made, and destined for human bodies, but that in the distribution some got three or four, and some none at all.

ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.

It is a known matter of history, that in the early part of 1755 great exertions were made by the British ministry, at the head of which was the illustrious earl of Chatham, for the reduction of the French power in the provinces of the Canadas. To carry the object into effect, gen. Amherst, referred to in the letters of Junius, was appointed to the command of the British arms in North Western America; and the British colonies in America were called upon for assistance, who contributed with alacrity their several quotas of men to effect the grand object of British enterprise. It is a fact still within the recollection of some of our oldest inhabitants here, that the British army lay encamped in the summer of 1755 on the eastern banks of the Hudson, a little south of the city of Albany, on the ground now belonging to John L. Van Rensselaer, Esq. To this day vestiges of their encampment remain; and after a lapse of sixty years, when a great proportion of the actors of those days have passed away, like the shades from the earth, the inquisitive traveller can observe where they boiled their camp kettles.—It was this army, that under the command of Abercrombie, was foiled with a severe loss in the attack on Ticonderoga, where the distinguished Howe fell at the head of his troops, in an hour that history has consecrated to his fame. In the early part of June, the eastern troops began to pour in, company after company; and such a motley assemblage never before thronged together on such an occasion, unless an example may be found in the ragged regiment of sir John Falstaff, of right merry and facetious memory. It would, said my worthy ancestor who related to me the story, have relaxed the gravity of an anchorite, to have seen the descendants of the Puritans marching through the streets of our ancient city, to take their stations on the left side of the British army, some with small coats, and others with no coats at all, as varied as the rainbow, some with their hair cropped like the army of Cromwell, and others with wigs whose curls flowed with grace around their shoulders. Their march, their accoutrements, and the whole arrangement of the troops, furnished matter of amusement to the wits of the British army. The music played the airs of two centuries ago; the *tout ensemble* exhibited a sight to the wondering strangers that they had been unaccustomed to in their native land.—Among the club of wits that belonged to the British army, there was a physician attached to the staff, by the name of Doctor Shackburg, who combined with the science of the surgeon, the skill and talents of a musician.

To please brother Jonathan, he composed a tune, and with much gravity recommended it to the officers, as one of the most celebrated airs of martial music. The joke took, to the no small amusement of the British corps. Brother Jonathan exclaimed it was *nation fine*, and in a few days nothing was heard but *Yankee Doodle*. Little did the author and its coadjutors then suppose that an air made for the purpose of levity and ridicule, should be marked for such destinies; in twenty years from that time our national march inspired the hearts of the heroes of Bunker's Hill, and in less than thirty, Lord Cornwallis and his army marched into the American lines to the tune of *Yankee Doodle*.

It is usually not so hard to discover truth as to prepare the mind to be willing to receive it. Advice is too frequently honored with more frowns than favors. So the poor gnat, in the 'Culex,' was killed for stinging the slumbering swain to warn him of the approach of the serpent.—*Sybyline Leaves*.

The accurate time the sun has kept for 6000 years, is alone unerring evidence of an Almighty Maker and still sustaining regulator

THE BALL.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"Even if I were not prevented by unlooked-for engagements from accompanying you to the ball to-night, my love," said the honourable Alfred Seymour to his beautiful young wife, "you must nevertheless have declined it, for the child is evidently unwell; look, how the pulses throb in his little throat, Sophia!"

"So they always do, I believe. I really wish you were less of a croaker, and candle-maker, my dear; however, to mak you easy, I will send for Doctor D tvis immediately: as to the ball, as I am expected, and have gone to the trouble and expense of a new dress, and have not been out for such a long, long time, really I think I ought to go." "You would not leave my boy, lady Sophia, if"—"not if there is the least danger, certainly; nor if the doctor should pronounce it ill; but I do not believe it is so; I see nothing particular about the child, for my part."

As the young mother said this, she cast her eyes on the child, and saw in its little heavy eyes something, which she felt assured was particular—she saw, moreover, more strikingly than ever, the likeness it bore to a justly beloved husband, and in a tone of self-correction added, "poor little fellow, I do not think you are quite the thing; and should it prove so, mama will not leave you for the world."

The countenance of the father brightened, and he departed, assured that the claims of nature would soon fully triumph over any little lingering love of dissipation, struggling for accustomed indulgence; and, as he bade her good bye, he did not wonder that a star so brilliant desired to exhibit its rays in the highest circle of fashion. Nevertheless, as he could not be present himself, he thought, on the whole, it was better she should be absent. A young nobleman, who had been his rival, and worn the willow some time after their marriage, had lately paid marked attention to a young beauty every way likely to console him; and Mr. Seymour thought it would be a great pity if his wife's blaze of beauty, appearing suddenly before him, after it had so long been withdrawn, should indispose his heart toward a connexion every way likely to prove happy.

Unfortunately, the fond husband gave indication of his admiration alike in looks and words, and as the fair young mother turned from him to her mirror, she felt for a moment displeased that her liege lord should be less solicituous than herself to "witch the world" with her beauty;—and whilst in this humour she called her maid to shew her the turban dress "in which she had intended to appear."

"Luk, my lady! why sure you intends it yet. Did any body ever hear of such a thing as going for to stay at home, when you are all prepared? You have been out of sight ever so long, and you are a thousand times more beautifuller than you ever was. Ah! I knows what I knows. Miss Somerville may look twice ere she catches my lord, if so be he sees you in this here plume, 'cold broth is soon warmed' they say."

Could it be that this vulgar nonsense—the senseless tirade of law flattery and thoughtless stimulation to error—could affect the mind of the high born and highly educated Lady Sophia? Alas! yes—a slight spark will ignite dormant vanity; and the love of momentary triumph surpass the more generous wish of giving happiness to others, in a sphere distinct from our own. The new dress was tried on; its effect extolled by the maid, and admitted by the lady. The carriage was announced, and she was actually descending when the low wail of the baby broke on her ear, and she recollects that in the confusion of her mind, during the time devoted to dress and anticipated triumph, she had forgotten to send for the medical friend of the family.

Angry with herself, in the first moment of repentance, she determined to remain at home; but, unfortunately, she reconsidered, and went before the arrival of the doctor. 'Tis true, she left messages, and various orders, and so far fulfilled a mother's duties; but she closed her eyes to the evident weakness of her boy, and contented herself with determining to return as soon as possible.

Who could return, while they found themselves the admired of all, and when, at least, the adoration of eyes saluted her from him, whom she well knew it was cruelty, or sin, to attract. The observation forced upon her of Miss Somerville's melancholy looks, told her this, and compelled her to recollect that she was without her husband, and therefore likely to be closely watched. She found in the midst of pleasure, pained; and she resolved to fly from the scene of gaiety, more quickly than she had come. But numerous delays arose, each of which harrassed her spirits no less than they retarded her movements. She became at length, so annoyed, as to lose all her bloom, and hear herself as much condoled with, as she had been congratulated. She felt ill, and was aware that she had a right to expect reproaches from her husband, not less on account of herself than her child; and whilst in this state of perplexity, was summoned to her carriage by servants, whose messages from home increased her distress.

The young mother arrived in time to see the faced of her dying child distorted by convulsions, and to meet from her husband, anger, reproach, and contempt. She was tearfied to witness the death of the innocent being she had forsaken in a moment so critical; and bitter was the sorrow and remorse, which arose from offending him, who had hitherto loved her so fondly, and esteemed her so highly. These emotions, combining with other causes, soon rendered her the inhabitant of a sick-bed, and converted a house so lately the abode of happiness and hope, into a scene of sorrow, anxiety, and death.

Lady Sophia, after much suffering, recovered her health; but when she left her chamber, she could not help being sensible that her husband's confidence was withdrawn from her, though pity and kindness were shown to her situation. Entire silence about the past was the utmost act of tenderness to which Mr. Seymour could bring himself on a subject, which had wounded him so deeply; and which recurred with renewed pain, when all anxiety was removed for the life of one still dear, but no longer invaluable.

And all this misery.—The fearful prospects of a long life embittered by self-reproach, useless regret, and lost affection, was purchased by a new dress, and an ignorant waiting maid; a risk so full of danger, and so fatal in effect, was incurred, to pain one who never injured her. Such are the despicable efforts of vanity for temporary distinction; and such the deplorable consequences of quitting the tender offices of affection, and transgressing the requisitions of duty.

ISAAC NEWTON.

Sir Isaac Newton was born on the 25th December, 1642, at Woolthorpe in Lincolnshire, and died March 20, 1726, at the advanced age of 84 years and 3 months. His father was lord of the manor, and cultivated his own moderate paternal property. His mother was Hannah Ascough, of an ancient and respectable family. She lost her husband some months before the birth of her child, and the infant was so puny and diminutive, that serious apprehensions were entertained for his life; the mighty genius which was destined to enlighten the world, appeared to struggle for a mere existence. After receiving the rudiments of education from his mother, he was sent at the age of 12, to the grammar school at Grantham. The bias of his early genius,

by a skill in mechanical contrivances, excited great admiration: whilst other boys were at play, his leisure was employed in forming models of mills and machinery. He constructed a water clock from an old box, which had an index moved by a piece of wood sinking as the drops fell from the bottom, and a regular dial plate to indicate the hours. His scientific paper kites, sent up in the dark, with Chinese paper lanterns attachd to them, passed for meteors, and astonished the rustic gazers, at a time when such sights were rare and new—the yard of the house in which he lived, he turned into a useful sun dial, by marking, from numerous observations, the hours upon the walls and roof. In his studies at school his own report states him to have been negligent, till he was stimulated to exertion by the tyranny of a boy above him, on whom he determined to revenge himself, by passing him in the class; and he never rested till he became the first scholar.

His early attainments were not confined to mechanics: he showed a taste for the fine arts when he was a mere boy, and made very considerable proficiency in drawing, without having received any instruction; he copied prints, and even sketched portraits from life with tolerable fidelity and success. The walls of his room were decorated with the productions of his leisure hours, and perhaps at some public sale, the competition of great collectors may be excited by the offer of a drawing, warranted genuine, by the hand of Sir Isaac Newton; such a rarity would undoubtedly command a high price. He lived, when at Grantham, with Mr. Clark, an apothecary, who was brother to an under master of the school. Miss Story, the young and blooming niece of Mrs. Clark, was the only female who is supposed to have made any impression on the heart of Newton. Instead of playing with other boys, he was in the habit of making, for her convenience and amusement, little tables and carriages, which moved mechanically like Merlin's chairs; his attachment to her is said to have continued even after he was sent to college; but as he could not marry without forfeiting his chance of a fellowship, and as he had no means of supporting a wife and family, he subdued his predilection in silence, and found consolation in the severest labor of study. He retained his feelings of kindness for her whilst she lived, visited her occasionally after she became Mrs. Vincent, and when she sunk into poverty, he liberally supplied her wants. If he had not been by nature a calculator—if, like thousands of his fellow creatures, he had listened to the dictates of passion, rather than the counsels of prudence,—if he had married and turned farmer, as he probably must have done for a subsistence, he might have lived and died a happy, obscure, substantial yeoman; the world would have wanted the *Treatise on Optics*, and its records would have been deprived of one of their greatest ornaments.

FOR THE ARIEL.
AUTUMN.

The yellow leaf denotes the fall—

The hour of nature's sad decay;

So rapid pass the seasons all—

A moment, and they fade away.

To me the autumn brings a spell

Of happiness and grief!

It tells of hopes, remember'd well,

Tho' blighted, like each forest leaf.

The spring is all deceit and show,

Like the bright morning of our youth;

The autumn, with its looks of wo,

Speaks but the melancholy truth.

Where are the early dreams of life—

Youth's spring-time, buds, the flowers, where'

Seek, in yon withered trunk, yet ripe

With hope, though worn by time and care.

The flowers of life thus fast shall fade,

And wintry age as soon haste on—

Our sunshine change to gloom and shade,

A moment seen—then ever gone.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 31, 1828.

There are several copies of the Ariel in the office, bound according to order, which subscribers are requested to call for as soon as convenient.

The fourth number of the Ariel will be embellished with a finely engraved view of the Falls of the Passaic, and the adjacent scenery. The plate is now in the hands of the artist, and will be furnished in time for our next number.

Our friend "P. S." whose interesting communication appears on our first page, will please accept our thanks. Such productions are worth an ocean of the generality of original essays. But we invite him to take up his pen again—the readers of the Ariel will no doubt bid him welcome.

MY AUNT IN VIRGINIA.—This is the title of a dramatic squib just brought out at New York, from the pen of Mr. Galt, author of the "Ayreshire Legatees," who has recently emigrated to this country. He is known to the literary world as the author of several very popular novels.

The scene of "My Aunt" is at the City Hotel, in New York, where Mrs. Clatterpenny makes her home, after a long and tedious voyage across the Atlantic. She is the widow of a rich Scotchman, and is attended by a pettifogger named Thumper, in a professional capacity, in hopes, at the same time, at a future day, of attending her *interestably*. Mrs. Clatterpenny comes out to settle a landed estate in this country, to which she is the heir, provided no one can be found with better claims. A fellow named Shortridge, a smart, spirited youth, came out with them, to marry Miss Octavia Ruth Peabody, daughter of a keen, close calculating Green Mountaineer. She had previously, however, become affianced to Tompkins, son of "My Aunt in Virginia," and the lawful heir to the estate which poor Mrs. Clatterpenny came all the way from Glasgow to claim. Shortridge, a shifty blade, on learning his loss of Miss Octavia Ruth Peabody, (!) makes love to Mrs. Clatterpenny's jointure, in the shape of herself, and so does Squire Peabody. But they are all foiled by another rival, aided by Tompkins.

Upon these slender materials, a very good picture of three or four close shoving Yankees is exhibited.—The whole piece is intended to show out some striking points in the American character; and Mr. Galt has succeeded in doing it, without resorting to the low scurrility and unlimited slander which most Englishmen indulge in when writing of this country. The character of the true Yankee is very well hit off—his shrewd, calculating, persevering nature, of which Christophe once observed, that if he were to place a bag of coffee at the very mouth of hell, a Yankee could easily be found to go after it. The Evening City Gazette says, "As a *diversissement*, it will, we think, have a long run, not only in this country, but over the water, recommending itself for its chasteness, not suffering the cheek of modesty to mantle with a blush—and insuring to the taciturn and melancholic, a generous shaking of the sides, which is of more value to a certain class of human beings than wealth."

LITERARY.

Mr. Cooper, the celebrated American Novelist, (Author of "The Red Rover, the Pilot, the Prairie," &c,) has in the press a work of a completely original character, entitled "America, by a travelling Bachelor; or, Facts and Opinions relative to the United States. In a series of Letters," forming 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. D'Israeli is about to publish a fourth edition of his work called "The Literary Character; or the History of Men of Genius, drawn from their own feelings and confessions," with a new preface and a letter and notes by Lord Byron.

A novel, which is reported to be of a very striking and original character, will soon appear under the title of "Marriage in High Life;" edited by the authoress of Flirtation.

A new tale of the Beau Monde, by the authoress of "English Fashionables Abroad," will speedily be published under the title of "English Fashionables at Home." The former work of this writer gave a brilliant and lively sketch of the manners of the aristocracy

on the continent; in her forthcoming novel, she proposes to delineate them as they appear in their drawing rooms, and at their country seats in England.

The Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative of the Peninsular War will be published in the first week of the next month.

Mr. Bird, a German, has just published a poem, entitled *Dunwich*. It is a tale of great interest, and embodying the valuable fruits of much literary research. The language, often bold and energetic, at times beautifully melts into tenderness, and sometimes reaches the sublime. The following brief but powerful description of a woman's heart, will suffice to shew that Mr. Bird is no common poet:

That hallowed sphere, a woman's heart, contains Empires of feeling, and the rich domains Where love, disporting in her sunniest hours, Breathes his sweet incense o'er ambrosial flowers; A woman's heart!—that gem, divinely set In native gold—that peerless amulet, Which, firmly linked to love's electric chain, Connects the worlds of transports, and of pain!

"The voice from the Tide Waters" has been published for a short time in Virginia. What a name!—The voice from a tea-kettle would be quite as appropriate.

AMERICA AS IT IS.—Under this title a work has appeared in London, the object of the writer of which appears rather to be, to derogate from the character of our countrymen, and particularly those of the western region, than to no justice to them.

Rev. Messrs. Streeter of Watertown, and Whittemore of Cambridgeport, have issued proposals for the publication of a new Universalist paper in N. York, to be entitled "The Trumpet."

LIFE OF LORD BYRON.—It appears that Mr. Moore has made an agreement with the Messrs. Longman for 2000^l, advanced by them, to prepare for the press the Life of Lord Byron. In consequence of some recent publications, calculated to injure the poet's memory, Mr. Murray wished certain manuscripts in his possession to be incorporated in the work; proposed to place them at Mr. Moore's disposal, offering him 4000 guineas for the work. This arrangement has been effected with the assent of the Longmans, to whom Mr. Murray has refunded the 2000^l.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

An undertaker, by the name of John Guest, advertises in the New York papers, "that he will be happy to wait on his friends in the line of his profession."

A dandy not long ago strutted into a tavern, somewhere east, and challenged any man present to "drop money" with him. The company seemed at first afraid; but at last an old yankee farmer plucked up courage enough to accept the challenge. The terms were, that each should drop a piece of money at a time, and the one whose bank held out the longest, should take the whole and treat the company. Hats were held, the dandy dropped a shilling; the old farmer dropped an old fashioned *Bungtown copper*. The dandy dropped another; the farmer rumaged and turned his pockets in vain, and at last exclaimed "alarm it; I give up beat; now take all and treat the company!"

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.—A painter, whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician, because "in painting," says he, "all the faults are exposed to the eye; but in physic they are buried with the patient!"

A pretty girl was lately complaining to a friend that she had a cold, and was sadly plagued in her lips by chaps. "Friend," said Obediah, "thee should never suffer the chaps to come near thy lips."

A laborer, being recently examined before a criminal court in London, for some slight offence, was asked how he had got his living for several years—and audaciously answered, "by *house breaking*!" He had been employed in demolishing old buildings.

At a female seminary in Connecticut, diplomas, premiums and titles, have recently been conferred upon several young ladies for excellence in literary attainments. We presume the title of M. R. S. would be acceptable; and if the preceptor of that institution would engage to confer this title, he would not be wanting for scholars.

LITERARY AND TOPOGRAPHIC.—The following is a literal transcript of the superscription of a letter received at the Hamilton Post office, Canada.

old England

Upper Canada
North of America
District of new Castle
County of Northumberland
Cobourg Township of
Hamilton Post office to the
Care of Mr. Buthune Esquire
for Christopher Hinds
the Butcher—

FRANK-INCENSE-D.—A notice was lately inserted in an eastern paper, that Frank somebody would pay no more debts contracted by his wife Peggy! Shortly after, Peggy informed the public that the same Frank could not pay his *own*; and that he had quit her house and board, and stolen her bed! and forbids all persons harboring or trusting him on her account, as she will pay no debts of his contracting. An eastern editor expresses some fears lest the matter may reach the ears of the wags who make the Bachelors' Journal.

A gentleman who kept a remarkably corpulent cook, being called upon to pay a blacksmith's bill, was surprised to find this extraordinary charge,—"To mending the cook's great bottom, 1s. 6d." On explanation it proved that Vulcan intended, the bottom of the cook's grate.

TAKING UP THE CROSS.—Married in Northampton, Master Wheelor Spillot, aged fifteen, to Miss Sally Cross, aged fifty. A practical illustration of the proverb,—"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

WAVERLY BREED OF NEAT CATTLE.—The great Sir Walter has committed an egregious *Bull* in his Tales of a Grandfather, where he says that Macduff fled as fast as his horse's feet could carry him; and when he got on the other side of the Tay, he rode on faster than before.

BACHELORS' STRONG HOLD.—By a recent census in the village of Rochester, it appears that the males exceed in number the females by more than twelve hundred! An emigration to that country may be the means of reviving many desponding souls.

Among a series of caricatures lately published in London, is one entitled "Past twelve o'clock," representing the celebrated Christmas waits, *waiting* under a window—"How many are you?" demands an elderly gentleman, putting his head out of the window, apparently roused from sleep. "Three, your honour." "Then divide this among you!" he exclaims, emptying at the same time a bucket of water upon the midnight minstrels, who scamper off drenched to the skin, and fully determined not to *wait* there any longer.

FROM THE LIVINGSTON REGISTER.

"In one of the beautiful lakes of North America, according to the tradition of the Indians, there is an island, which they represent as the most blissful spot on earth. They further say, that some of their hunters once had a view of this island; but that in their endeavors to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinth, and like enchanted land, as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them."

In deep repose, retired from human eyes,
Far to the west a lovely island lies,
Where Phœbus spends the parting smiles of day,
And Cynthia sheds her most enchanting ray.
No mortal feet has reached its happy strand,
Since it came forth from the Creative hand;
But sweet and lone its verdant beauties rise,
Beneath the deep cerulean of the skies.
The tempest's rage, the lightning's fearful stroke,
Upon its bright horizon ne'er have broke,
And only heard from some far distant shore,
Expires the angry wave's tumultuous roar.
Perennial fruits and blossoms crown its plains,
And Heaven descended peace forever reigns.
But tho' in deep seclusion, safe withdrawn
From man, since ancient time's primeval dawn,
Yet, from the period of its blissful birth,
It boasts admiring eyes, and visits not of earth!
It erst descended to fair Eden's bowers,
On mercy's errands, the celestial powers—
So, not unfrequent, seraph bands delight
Upon that isle to bend their joyous flight,
And converse hold in language of the blest,
On fallen man, and heaven's high behest.
While from their golden harps such strains arise,
As hail the ransom'd spirit to the skies!
From all the bleak, corrosive cares of life,
From envy's serpent sting, and maddening strife,
The endless pangs of faithless hopes and fears,
And nameless ills beside, that blight the "vale of tears."
Fain would I fly to meet the haleyn smile,
That beams from heaven upon that favor'd Isle.

—••••—
A gentleman complaining to his Boot-Maker, that a pair of boots recently sent to him were too short, and that he wanted a pair to cover the whole calf, had the following *jeu'd sprit* sent to him:

NEW BOOTS.

These Boots were never made for me,
They are too short by half,
I want them long enough, d'ye see,
To cover all the calf.
Why, sir, said Last, with stifled laugh,
To alter them I'll try;
But if they cover all the calf,
They must be five feet high.

In the "Scene from Ivanhoe," our readers will readily recognize the pen of our talented correspondent, "C. M." There is, in this poem, as near an approach to the elegance of Mr. Halleck, as we have ever seen. Though the author but seldom writes, yet when he does, his productions, like true brilliants, sparkle delightfully upon the public eye.

A SCENE FROM IVANHOE.

The morning sun poured forth his light
Upon the lists of Templestowe—
A thousand lances glittered bright
Beneath his beam's resplendent glow;
A thousand gallant knights there stood,
The flower of Europe's chivalry,
Whose swords had tasted Paynim blood,
In wild war's fiercest revelry:
Where the red cross waved o'er the storm,
Above the Crescent's towering form.
Who sits upon his coal black steed,
Arrayed in steely panoply,
With haughty brow—nor deigns to heed
The white robed knights attending by?
He does not see the martial train,
Who lend their looks to him alone:
He does not hear th' applauding strain,
Is he but monumental stone?
Is his the heart that will not dare
The toils of brazen-fronted war?
Oh no! for once in Palestine,
Loudest was heard his battle-cry,
Highest at valor's bloody shrine,
He bore his brand of purple dye.
The mosque trembled at his glance,
Where'er Bois Guilbert waved his sword,
And foremost was his gleaming lance
Against the foeman of his Lord.
Like the fierce rays of Tropic sun,
He blazed amidst the "war-cloud's dun."
Dost thou not see yon seraph form,
That weeps amidst the mail-clad throng,
Fair as the day-beam, when the storm
In all its rage has pass'd along,
And left a pure and mellow light
To gild away the deep-blue sky,
And beauty beams upon the sight,
In hues of richest harmony—
Her's was the loveliness that's given
To the bright choristers of Heaven.
In the pure climes of Palestine,
In God's own aromatic bower,
Land of the "Cedar and the Vine,"
She bloomed amidst the blushing flowers;
The fairest of them all she stood,
And stole their loveliest hues away,
The spicy gales on her bestowed
The fragrance on its breast that lay.
Why dost such flowret weep among
The iron-band—that martial throng?
The vernal rose must bend before
The stormy blasts that rend the sky,
And winter's loud, resistless roar,
Must howl the summer's lullaby.
The sun-born hues that gild the eve,
The sombreous cloud of night must veil,
And woman's voice its witch notes leave,
To change, alas, to sorrow's wail—
She scorned Bois Guilbert when he wo'd,
He with oppression's hand pursued!
Must the red flames that form entwine;
And must she die so fair and young?
Where are the Chieftains of her line,
Whose nerves Jehovah's power hath strung?
The sword of Israel's might is rust,
And Judah's lion bows his head—
In Judah's God her only trust,
And is he numbered with the dead?
No; for such stain shall never lie
On England's high-born chivalry.
Yon glowing sun descends apace,
Swift speeding towards the ruddy west,
Ere the horizon veils his face,
Her soul is Heaven's immortal guest.
That trumpet-sound,—and hark! again
The clattering hoofs of battle-steed,
And see, advancing o'er the plain,
A Champion for the maiden's need;
And now, Rebecca, hope is nigh,
Dash down that tear-drop from thine eye.
Mark'd ye the maiden's altered gaze
When the fierce trump-clang fill'd the air?
Saw ye the look of happier days
Succes'd the traces of despair?
Oh! Joy now glows upon her cheeks,
And glances in her proud black eye,
While her white bosom's throbbing speaks
The hope of aid and succour nigh.
But gently down her cheeks still flow
The pearly tear—'tis Ivanhoe!

A fiercer note the war-trump fills—
The Champions close in dubious strife—
What fear again her bosom chills,
And blasts the new-born hopes of life!
"Tis vain! Bois Guilbert's on the plain,
Beneath his foeman's ruthless blade—
He never shall rise from earth again—
His eyes are closed in death's cold shade.
That angry frown betokens still,
The soldier's stern, unbending will.
The evening sun shuns mild his beam
Upon the lists of Templestowe,
And still in soothed splendor gleam
Cuirass, and helm, and lance below;
But he, the bravest of the host,
That bore the Templar's Red-Cross shield,
Shall be no more the Templar's boast
In banner'd tower or tented field—
Unsheath'd by foeman's steel he died,
A victim to remorse and pride;
He died—and by his death repaid,
The sorrows of the injured maid. C. M.

SELECTED FOR THE ARIEL, BY A FRIEND.
FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MONITRESS.

Let a young Lady be never so respectable for acquirements, mental or personal, she should accompany them with becoming diffidence. Being self-esteemed, and even confident in our own judgment, lessens our influence, and renders us unattractive and disgusting.

Reading well chosen works of taste, joining in the amusements of the age, indulging in animated conversation, are all proper under due restriction. The Monitress would not lessen the sphere of enjoyment: she wishes to enlarge it, and she knows of no way, in which she can so certainly do it, as by cultivating the mind and amending the heart. That the mind may be cultivated, she would recommend literary societies, rather than card parties: that the heart may be amended, she would point out those faults and foibles, for which the sex are too justly censured. Young ladies have no idea how much is expected of them. They must be gentle in manner, but firm in purpose: they must be cheerful and affable, or they will be shunned; they must avoid levity and forwardness, or they will be despised. Hard is the lesson they have to learn, and they ought to listen with humility to the voice of experience. Then the danger of violating the laws of propriety would be less, and the sensible women would be content to concentrate their affections, their views, their ambition, to a sphere of action, suited to the delicacy of their natures. I would not, my young friends, wish you, whether engaged in the social circle, or in the public ball, to appear abstracted, inanimate and unamused: but I would have you advance opinions with diffidence, and be vigilantly watchful with respect to every look, every movement, every word: if you are not, even your good deeds will be evil spoken of. In a circle of select friends, where the knowledge of each other's views and feelings, where nearly an equality with regard to talents and acquirements subsists, where mutual confidence bars the possibility of misconstruction, the lively fancy, the well-cultivated understanding, the vigorous imagination of a well-educated woman, have ample room for display. In such a circle let her exercise all the energy of her colloquial powers, and she cannot fail to win esteem and command admiration. Such restriction, perhaps you say, is making mere actresses of us: for who will believe that one can be guarded about books and actions, amid the splendors of a ball room, the magic charms of a viol, and the delights of admiration? We are only laughing away the cares of life. The effervescence of high spirits will by and by subside, and we shall settle down into sober life. To this I answer, that propriety is justly expected from all, who are old enough to go into public; yet I am far from wishing that any should act what they do not feel, and for this reason I anxiously wish, that the minds of women should be cultivated; that principle should take the place of sentiment; that imagination should be curbed by reason.—Then, though they may occasionally join in amusements, they will be considered as the recreation and not the business of life; then the caution which I have recommended, would naturally follow from the rectitude of principle.—And why let me ask, must unassuming and gentle behaviour in public, why must reading books, why must habituating one's self to reflection, why must implanting good principles, and cherishing noble motives for action, prevent all the delights of which social intercourse should be productive? Trust me, it will enhance them. If we have resources within, if we are convinced, that to promote the joys of domestic life; to study the graces of the Christian character; in short, to fulfil our duty, be it what it may, is required of us by Him, who gave us being; the petty disappointments of life will lose their power to perplex us, and we shall be uniformly cheerful, be the life, the soul of every social scene. You, my young friend, like many others, read too many of those pusillanimous productions, which strive to turn

the follies and weaknesses of woman into the best channel possible, as being all they can do, rather than strive with determined force to drive them from their strong holds.

"Women," these writers will say, "have no motive for action so powerful as to *please the men*—we therefore urge them to be good, to be elegant, to be Christians, or they will not be loved and admired." These writers scarcely hint that they have any moral duties to perform, that they have a Christian virtue to cultivate, that they have a Heaven to gain, a perfect God to obey.—Our minds are too weak for such views, they believe, and give not a single anchor to our souls that we can trust to.—Abandon such books, read the Spectator, read the breathings of the vigorous soul of Johnson, read the Bible, and dare to be virtuous for virtue's sake, because it is altogether lovely.

A FAIR OFFER.

The present volume of the Ariel, according to the Prospectus, will contain eight quarto copperplate engravings. These, when bound up at the end of the year, will be found to add greatly to the value of the work. It is the editor's intention to procure the best plates which the city affords, and to spare no pains to render the work deserving of the great and increasing patronage which it has received.

Now, in order to meet our subscribers half way, and with an open hand, the editor makes this offer—that if nine tenths of his subscribers will remit, within two months from this date, the amount of their subscriptions to this volume, he will add *six more engravings* to the eight already promised—making the volume contain fourteen well executed plates. If only one half remit their subscriptions, then three additional plates will be given. This offer our friends cannot object to. The editor has every disposition to spare nothing reasonable, to make the Ariel welcome to its numerous friends—and he trusts that the liberal offer here made, will be as liberally received by his subscribers. A single plate, such as will be used in the Ariel, will cost upwards of an hundred dollars—and to meet the expense of procuring them, it is necessary that some means should be placed within his reach. Our agents are respectfully requested to remit us the amount of subscription to this volume, from the subscribers in their several places, as early as possible.

THE SWEETS OF INQUITY.—A celebrated Lawyer of Boston, once concluded an eloquent harangue to a jury against a prisoner, with "He bared his arm gentlemen—he bared his arm to Heaven, and—stole the sugar."

A work just published, entitled "DEATH'S DOINGS," has an engraving "representing a young mother, one of the fashionables of the day, seated at her piano, while her dressing maid is showing her some dresses, which have just been sent home from her Mantua-maker." Death is seated in an easy chair beside her, acting in the capacity of a nurse, and holding on its arms an infant, who appears to be dying from want of suitable nourishment. Death is forcing into the infant's mouth, a spoon. This is accompanied by the following poetical illustration.

THE MOTHER.

"Nay! youthful mother, do not fly,
Though pleasures lure, and flattery court thee;
Sooth the thy sick infant's mourning ery,
And wake the smile that must transport thee.
Life has no charm, so deep, so dear,
As that soft tie thou blindly leavest—
No love so constant, and sincere,
As that which fills the heart thou grievest.
In all the bloom of beauty's pride,
In all ambition's vainest splendor,
Ne'er was thy woman's heart supplied
With bliss so pure, with joy so tender.
Can'st thou forsake that joy so soon?
Can'st thou forget the lips which blest thee,
When bending o'er this precious boon,
The Father wept, while he caressed thee.
Is it for gauds of dress, and dance,
Thou can'st renounce a claim so holy,
To win the warm insulting glance,
And woo the praise of idle folly?
Then go!—a fair, but fragile flower,
A dazzling, heartless, careless beauty,
To risk thy fame—to lose thy power—
That power which dwells alone with duty.
Go! and thy bosom's lord offend,
Consign thy suff'ring babe to sorrow—
Death, the kind nurse, its woes will end—
Thy boy shall grace his arms to-morrow."

ORIGINAL STORY OF HAMLET.

Elorwindillus, king of Jutland, married Gertruda, or Gertrude, the only daughter of Ruric, king of Denmark. The produce of this union was a son called Amlettus. When he grew towards manhood, his spirit and extraordinary abilities excited the envy and hatred of his uncle, who before the birth of Amlettus, was regarded as presumptive heir to the crown. Fengo, which was the name of this haughty prince, conceived a passion for his sister-in-law, the queen; and meeting with reciprocal feelings, they soon arranged a plan, which, putting in execution, he ascended the throne of his brother and espoused the widowed princess. Amlettus, (or Hamlet) supposing his father had died by the hand or devices of his uncle, determined to be revenged. But perceiving the jealousy with which the usurper eyed his superior talents, and the better to conceal his hatred and intentions, he affected a gradual derangement of reason, and at last acted all the extravagance of an absolute mad-man. Fengo's guilt induced him to doubt the reality of a malady so favorable to his security—and suspicious of some dreadful project being hidden beneath his assumed insanity, tried by different stratagems to penetrate the truth. One of these was to draw him into a confidential interview with a young damsel, who had been the companion of his fancy; but Hamlet's sagacity, and the timely caution of his intimate friend, frustrated this design. In these two persons we may recognize the Ophelia and Horatio of Shakspeare. The second plot was attended with an unequal want of success. It was concerted by Fengo that the queen should take her son to task in a private conversation, vainly flattering himself that the prince would not conceal his true state from the pleadings of a mother.—Shakspeare has adopted every part of this scene, not only the precise situation and circumstances, but the sentiments and sometimes the very words themselves. The queen's apartment was the appointed place of conference, where the king, to secure certain testimony, had previously ordered one of his courtiers to conceal himself under a *heap of straw*, so says the historian—and though Shakspeare—in unison with the refinement of more modern times, changes that rustic covering for the royal tapestry, yet it was even as Saxo Grammaticus relates it. In those primitive ages, straw, hay, or rushes, strewed on the floor, were the usual carpets in the chambers of the great. One of the Henry's, in making a progress to the north of England, previously sent forward a courier to order *clean straw* at every house where he was to take his lodgings. But to return to the subject.

The prince, suspecting there might be a concealed listener, and that it was the king, pursued his wild and frantic acts, hoping that by some lucky chance he might discover his hiding place. Watchful of all that passed in the room, as he dashed from side to side, he descried a little movement of the uneasy courtier's covering. Suddenly Hamlet sprung upon his feet, began to crow like a cock, and flapping his arms against his sides, leaped upon the straw—feeling something under him, he snatched out his sword and thrust it thro' the unfortunate lord. The barbarism of the times is most shockingly displayed in the brutal manner in which he treats the dead body; but for the honor of the Danish prince, we must suppose, that it was not merely a wanton act, but done the more decidedly to convince the king, when the strange situation of the corpse was seen, how absolutely he must be divested of reason. Being assured he was now alone with his mother, in a most awful manner he turns upon her, and avows his madness to be assumed—he reproaches her with her wicked deeds and incestuous marriage—and threatens his mighty vengeance upon the instigator of her crime.

In the historian we find that the admonitions of Hamlet awakened the conscience of the queen, and recalled her to penitence and virtue. The king, observing the change, became doubly suspicious of the prince, and baffling some preliminary steps, he took vengeance.—Hamlet was entrapped by him into an embassy to England. He sent along with him two courtiers, who bore private letters to the English monarch, requesting him, as the greatest favor he could confer on Denmark, to compass, by secret and sure means, the death of the prince as soon as he landed. Hamlet, during the voyage, had reason to suspect the mission of his companions; and by a stratagem obtaining their credentials, he found the treacherous mandate; and changing it for one wherein he ordered the execution of the two lords, he quietly proceeded with them to the British shore. On landing, the papers were delivered, and the king, without further parley, obeyed what he believed to be the request of his royal ally; and thus did treason meet the punishment due to its crime. The daughter of the king being charmed with the person and manners of the foreign prince, evinced such marks of tenderness, that Hamlet could not but perceive the depth of his conquest. He was not insensible to her attractions; and receiving the king's assent, in the course of a few days led her to the nuptial altar. Amidst all joys, he was, however, like a perturbed ghost that could not rest; and before many suns had set, he obtained a hard wrung leave from his bride, once more set sail, and appeared at Elsinore just at the time to be a witness of the splendid rites which Fengo, (supposing him now to be murdered,) had prepared for his funeral. On the proclamation of his arrival, he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the people, whose idol he was, and who had been overwhelmed with grief when Fengo announced to them his sudden death in England. The king, inflamed with a ruinous disappointment, and becoming doubly jealous of his growing popularity, now affected no conciliation, but openly manifested his hatred and hostility. Hamlet again had recourse to his pretended madness, and committed so many alarming acts, that Fengo, fearing their detection ordered his sword locked into its scabbard, under a plea of guarding the lunatic from personal harm. After various adventures, at last the prince accomplished the death of his uncle's adherents, and vengeance on the fratricide himself, by setting fire to the palace during the debauch of a midnight banquet. Pushing in amidst the flames, he kills Fengo with his own hand, reproaching him at the moment with his murder, adultery, and incest. Immediately on this act of retribution he was proclaimed lawful successor to the throne, and crowned with all due solemnity.—*Eve. Gaz.*

CALCUTTA.

Among other things that attract the attention of a stranger, are the exhibitors of dancing snakes. They are to be seen in almost every street, with a bamboo over one shoulder, from each end of which depend six or seven covered baskets, one above another and each containing a snake. When called upon to exhibit, they squat down on the ground, produce the snakes, and commence a kind of song or rather chant, beating time with a stick. The reptiles erect their heads and about half of their bodies from the ground, moving themselves in a graceful, undulating manner, in cadence with the music. Nothing that I have ever seen excites such a peculiar sensation of horror, such a vague feeling of insecurity as the sight of these venomous creatures, for most of them are of that species called the "cobra di capello," or hooded snake, whose bite is fatal in less than ten minutes. I saw one fellow who exhibited about a dozen of these animals at once, when he

had finished, he took them up one at a time, and by irritating them, made them fasten upon his arms, throat, and cheeks. Thus ornamented and with the blood dropping from the bites, he approached me and with a low salam demanded "buxies," (or presents.) He appeared to suffer neither pain of body nor apprehension of any danger, being fortified against the last by powerful antidotes and endured the former by the hopes of a handsome present. He had likewise among the rest, a young "Boaconstrictor," about seven feet long and beautifully colored, and a snake about eight feet long and no thicker in the largest part of the body than one's finger.

I have already mentioned the 'town majors or adjutants,' [a huge species of crane] that are supposed to be the largest birds that fly; [the ostrich is larger but does not fly].—These birds are six feet or more in height when standing erect, and derive their name of adjutant from their stately measured gait. They are very ferocious, devouring every thing that comes within their list of eatables, such as bones, snakes, carrion, &c. I saw one swallow a crow, to the great indignation and astonishment of the by-standing brethren of the sufferer, whose croakings continued to be heard till nothing but the tips of his feathers were extant above the throat of the adjutant. These birds, with a species of hawk called "Crahminee Kites," and the crows, (about one half the size of ours) are protected by the police of the city, killing one being punished by a fine. They are so numerous that all putrescent substances whether animal or vegetable, are consumed by them almost as soon as they are thrown in their way. But for them it would be impossible to keep the streets tolerably clean, from the indolent habits and slovenly manners of most of the inhabitants.

Masters and supercargoes of American vessels generally hire houses on shore, for the time they remain in port, where they transact all their business. The lower story is almost universally used as a warehouse. The "banian" or native merchant, attends at the house of the captain, where the goods are unpacked, examined and repacked for shipping. Silks, and muslins, &c. are examined in the following manner; the inspectors, two or three in number, are seated cross-legged on the floor; the packages are then opened and the goods piled before them and unrolled piece by piece; if a piece is of the first quality, the inspector pronounces "awul," if of the second, "dom," the third "saam," which three words are the names of the three first letters in the Bengalee alphabet; if a piece is spotted or of a quality very inferior, it is called "kerabb," or bad. The goods, as fast as examined, are passed to another set of "coolists" or laborers, who immediately commence repacking, so that the business of sorting and packing goes on with great despatch. Smuggling is very easily done here, a very small present being sufficient to procure the silence and blindness of the custom house "proas." To these houses the dealers in jewels and Cashmere shawls resort. They are generally from the northern provinces of India, and are distinguished from the natives of Calcutta, by their lighter complexions and yellow turbans. Some of the jewels they offer for sale are exceedingly beautiful and cheap. They are very dexterous in cutting and polishing diamonds, rubies, and other hard stones, and if their apparatus for manufacturing jewellery is no better than their tools used in other metallic arts, the fact is more wonderful. Their shawls are likewise very superb; they are of different sizes and shapes. I saw one shawl which was valued at \$800; a lady enveloped in such a garment, would afford a living demonstration of the truth of the problem, that "a woman is like a ship, because the rigging is worth more than the hull."

FROM DWIGHT'S TRAVELS.

STORY OF CAPTAIN GREGG.

In the Autumn of 1777, when the siege of fort Stanwix was raised, the following occurrence took place here: Capt. Gregg, one of the American officers left in the garrison, went out in the afternoon with a corporal of the same corps, to shoot pigeons. When the day was far advanced, Gregg, knowing that the savages were at times prowling round the fort, determined to return. At that moment, a small flock of pigeons lighted upon a tree in the vicinity. The corporal proposed to try a shot at them;—and having approached sufficiently near, was in the act of elevating his piece towards the pigeons, when the report of two muskets discharged by unknown hands at a small distance, was heard; the same instant Gregg saw his companion fall, and felt himself badly wounded in the side. He tried to stand, but speedily fell, and in a moment perceived a huge Indian taking long strides towards him with a tomahawk in his hand.—The savage struck him several blows on the head, drew his knife, cut a circle through the skin from the forehead to the crown, and then drew off the scalp with his teeth. At the approach of the savage, Gregg had counterfeited the appearance of being dead with as much address as he could use, and succeeded so far as to persuade the butcher he really was dead, otherwise measures still more effectual would have been employed to despatch him. It is hardly necessary to observe that the pain produced by these wounds was intense and dreadful. Those on the head were, however, far the most excruciating; although that in the side was believed by him to be mortal.—The savages having finished their bloody business, withdrew.

As soon as they were fairly gone, Gregg, who had seen his companion fall, determined if possible, to make his way to the spot where he lay, from a persuasion that if he could place his head upon the corporal's body, it would in some degree help his excessive anguish. Accordingly he made an attempt to rise, and having with great difficulty succeeded, immediately fell. He was not only weak and distressed, but had been deprived of self command by the blows of the tomahawk.—Strongly prompted, however, by this little hope of mitigating his sufferings, he made a second attempt and again fell. After several unsuccessful efforts he finally regained possession of his feet, and staggered slowly thro' the forest, he at length reached the spot where the corporal lay. The Indian who had marked him for his prey, took a surer aim than his fellow, and killed him outright.—Gregg found him lifeless and scalped. With some difficulty he laid his own head on the body of his companion, and as he had hoped, found material relief from this position.

While he was enjoying this little comfort, he met with trouble from a new quarter. A small dog which belonged to him, and had accompanied him in his hunting, but to which he had hitherto been wholly inattentive, now came up to him in apparent agony, and leaping around him in a variety of involuntary motions, yelped, whined, and cried in an unusual manner, to the no small molestation of his master. Gregg was not in the situation to bear the disturbance even of affection. He tried every way he could think of, to force the dog from him, but he tried in vain. At length, wearied by his cries and agitations, and not knowing how to put an end to them, he addressed the animal as if he had been a rational being—"If you wish so much to assist me, go and call some one to my relief." At these words the creature instantly left him, and ran through the forest at full speed, to the great comfort of his master, who now hoped to die quietly.

The dog made his way directly to three men belonging to the garrison, who were fish-

ing at the distance of a mile from the scene of this tragedy. As soon as he came up to them he began to cry in the same afflicting manner, and advancing near them, turned and went slowly back towards the point where his master lay, keeping his eye continually on the men. All this he repeated several times. At last one of them said to his companions, there was something very extraordinary in the action of the dog, and that in his opinion, they ought to find out the cause. His companions were of the same mind, and they immediately set out, with an intention to follow the animal whither he should lead them. After they had pursued him some distance, and found nothing, they became discouraged. The sun had set, and the forest was dangerous.—They therefore determined to return. The moment the dog saw them wheel about, he began to cry with increased violence, and coming up to the men, took hold of the skirts of their coats with his teeth, and attempted to pull them toward the point to which he had before directed their course. When they stopped again, he leaned his back against the back part of their legs, as if endeavoring to push them onward to his master. Astonished at this conduct of the dog, they agreed after a little deliberation to follow him until he should stop. The animal conducted them directly to his master. They found him still living, and, after burying the corporal as well as they could, they carried Gregg to the fort; here his wounds were dressed with the utmost care, and such assistance was rendered him, as proved the means of restoring him to perfect health.

This story is received from Captain Edward Bulkley, a respectable officer of Gen'l. Parson's brigade. Gregg himself a few days before communicated all the particulars to Captain Bulkley. I will only add what I never think of without pain, and what I am sure every one of my readers will regret, that not long after a brutal fellow wantonly shot this meritorious and faithful dog.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.—The mental fountain is unsealed to the eye of a mother, ere it has chosen a channel, or breathed a murmur. She may tinge with sweetness or bitterness, the whole stream of future life. In the moral field, she is a privileged laborer. Ere the dews of morning began to exhale, she is there. She breaks up a soil which the root of error, and the thorns of prejudice have not pre-occupied. She plants germs whose fruit is for eternity. While she feels that she is required to educate not merely a virtuous member of society, but a Christian, an angel, a servant of the Most High, how does so holy a charge quicken piety, by teaching the heart its own insufficiency!

The soul of her infant is uncovered before her. She knows that the images which she enshrines in that unoccupied sanctuary, must rise before her at the bar of doom. Trembling at such tremendous responsibility, she teaches the little being, whose life is her dearest care, of the God who made him; and who can measure the extent of a mother's lessons of piety, unless his hand might remove the veil which divides terrestrial things?

"When I was a little child," said a good man, "my mother used to bid me kneel before her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and as it were, drawn back by the soft hand upon my head. When I was a young man I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations. But when I have yielded, that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice

in my heart, a voice that must be obeyed,—'Oh! do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.'—*Am. Journal of Ed.*

Snowy bosom, snowy brow, neck, arms;—very common epithet among the poets; but, by association, rather repelling. So far as the whiteness and the purity, very well; but the idea of snow is cold and benumbing, rather than warm and aspiring. Certainly the lady who hatched a turtle dove's egg in her bosom had not a snowy one.

Titular honors rather exclude than include the delightful unreserved interchanges of the heart. Titles, says Paine, in his "Rights of Man," are like circles drawn by the magician's wand, to contract the sphere of man's felicity. He lives immured within the Bastile of a word, and surveys at a distance the envied life of man.

The Professors of the University of Coimbra have been murdered by thirteen of the students, nine of whom were arrested and put into prison.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

Now the setting sun is glowing
Far along the golden sea;
Many an ocean wave is flowing,
Dearest, 'twen thy home and me:

To my lonely bosom showing,

I shall never meet with thee.

Now my heart is madly beating,
As I linger on the west;
Where the golden sun, retreating,
Blazes on the billow's breast;

Bright and fair, but oh! as fleeting
Was the smile that made me blest.

Now that orb is dimly stealing
To his palace in the deep;
Homeward now the gannet's wheeling
E'er the rolling ocean sweep:

But in me the pang of feeling,
Time can never lay asleep.

Let me onward, o'er the ocean,
Distance cannot cure my ill;
Rise, ye waves, in wildest motion,
But my heart is throbbing still:

Let it burn with full devotion—

Deeper—it will sooner kill.

MICHAEL WIGGINS IN DEBT.

Debt's like a mouse-trap, when once you begin,
You'll find it no great matter to get in,
But rather puzzling to get out again:
This fact one Michael Wiggins found so true,
That he determined to get out of view,
So took snug lodgings in a secret lane.

Here at the window plac'd, the cunning dog,
Hugging himself in being thus incog.
Reflected on the horrors of the fleet.
"True," he exclaim'd, "these lodgings are but mean,
And in the day I cannot well be seen,
Still liberty, dear liberty, is ever sweet."

But quickly broken were his reveries,
For lo! athwart the dusky street he sees
A wretched, sinful, and despairing elf,
Fastening a rope the iron lamp-post round,
Mounting the steps and with a fatal bound,
Just going to take a swing to hang himself.

Up Michael starts, compassion lends him wings,
Rushes down stairs, the door wide open flings,
And with his cries the neighborhood alarms,
Arriving just in time the rope to grasp,
Untie the death-dispensing noose, and clasp
The sinking victim in his open arms.

"Ah!" cries the prostrate wretch in deep distress,
"How can I e'er my gratitude express,
Sav'd to myself, my children and my wife.
Oh that myself, my wife and children seven,
May daily pour your name in prayers to Heaven.
Tell me, oh tell to whom I owe my life."

Says Michael with a blush of modest sense,
I'm but the instrument of Providence,
Which mighty ends by humble means procures,
To Heav'n alone your gratitude should tend,
In me, however, view your future friend;
My name is Michael Wiggins. What is yours?

Quick starting up, and seizing Michael fast,
"So!" cried the man, "I've found you out at last;
There's no mistake; I've nabb'd you now, by—
Sly as you are, at length you're fairly bit,
I am a bailiff—this here is a writ;

So Master Wiggins, come along to quod!

ROTHSCHILD, THE BANKER.

In the course of a debate had a few weeks since in the British House of Commons, Mr. Dansecomb alluded to Rothschild, the famous London Banker, and made the following remarks.

"There is, Sir, deny it who can, a secret influence behind the throne, whose form is never seen, whose name is never breathed, who has access to the secrets of the State, and who manages all the sudden springs of Ministerial arrangement,

At whose soft nod the streams of honor flow,
Whose smiles all place and patronage bestow.

Closely connected with this invisible, this incorporeal person, stands a more solid and substantial form, a new and formidable power, till these days unknown in Europe: master of unbounded wealth, he boasts that he is the arbiter of peace and war, and that the credit of nations depends upon his nod; his correspondents are innumerable; his couriers outrun those of sovereign Princes, and absolute Sovereigns; Ministers of State are in his pay. Paramount in the Cabinets of Continental Europe, he aspires to the domination of our own; even the great Don Miguel himself, of whom we have lately heard and seen so much, was obliged to have recourse to the purse of this individual, before he could take possession of his Throne. Sir, that such secret influences do exist, is a matter of notoriety; they are known to have been but too busy in the under-plot of the recent revolution."

Mr. Rothschild is by birth a Jew, and sprung from an humble origin. He is, if I mistake not, a native of Amsterdam. Some years ago, having accumulated a small fortune, he took advantage of the political affairs of Europe, and removing to Manchester, entered into famous linen speculations, and as the tides turned in his favour, amassed a princely fortune. From Manchester, he proceeded to London, and became an extensive dealer in stocks, and met with almost unparalleled success. His reputed wealth soon introduced him to the most powerful princes of Europe, who in their emergencies called on him for loans, and after the lapse of a few years, many of the states of the continent, as well as England, were regulated by his nod.

At present, though proscribed for his religion, he is by far the most important personage of Europe, and if he were as ambitious of fame, and of diadems, as he is of the charms of wealth, he might overturn the governments of the old world, by entering on the schemes of the military chieftain.

He is generally seen at the London Exchange during the bustle of the day, and if he were not pointed out to the spectator, as the famous banker, no man would, on gazing at his person, suppose it to be that of Mr. Rothschild. He is careless of his attire, which is not of the richest order, and partakes of nothing that has the least semblance to even ordinary richness. A drab hat slovenly *flapped* over his eyes, gives him a ludicrous appearance, whilst the legs of his trowsers, which are generally pushed up and hung over the top of his boots, renders his whole appearance, rather offensive than otherwise. But it is when the contour of his face is examined, that the mightiness of the mind within is displayed, and seen to discover its very energies to the attentive spectator. His eye, which is very dark, possesses great vivacity, and is sure to glance among the multitude that admires him, and to examine and decide at the instant on the merits of the numerous applicants v.

use of *happeal* to this modern Crœsus for the standing *peasures*. Mr. Rothschild, notwithstanding the world, is as numerous engagements with the rich; and yearvolent and charitable as he is rating the *conexpends* vast sums in meliorating the *des* of the poor, whether they be Jews or *des*. In his manner he

is mild and agreeable, and never assumes that aristocratical demeanor, which is so often observable in the deportment of those who grow *prou* and *austere*, and seem to think the world was made for their entire use and disposal.

FOR THE ARIEL.

TIME.—A POEM.

Genius of musings, who, the midnight hour
Wasting in woods or haunted forests wild,
Dost watch Orion in his arctic tower,
Thy dark eye fixed as in some holy trance;
Or when the volley'd lightnings cleave the air,
And ruta gaunt bestrides the winged storm,
Sitt'st in some lonely watch-tower, where thy lamp
Faint-blazing, strikes the fisher's eye from far,
And 'mid the howl of elements, unmoved
Dost ponder on the awful scene, and trace
The vast effect to its superior source,—
Spirit, attend my lowly benison!
For now I strike, to themes of import high,
The solitary lyre; and, borne by thee
Above this narrow cell, I celebrate
The mysteries of Time!

Him who, august,
Was ere these worlds were fashioned—ere the Sun
Sprang from the east, or Lucifer display'd
His glowing crescent in the arch of morn,
Or Vesper gilded the serener eve,
Yea, he had been for an eternity!
Had swept unvarying from eternity
The harp of Desolation!—ere his tones
At God's command, assumed a milder strain,
And startled on his watch, in the vast deep,
Chaos's sluggish genty, and worked
From the dark void the smiling universe.
Chained to the grovelling frailties of the flesh,
Mere mortal man, unhinged from earthly dross,
Cannot survey, with fix'd and steady eye,
The dim, uncertain gulph, which now the muse,
Adventurous, would explore:—but dizzy grown,
He topples down the abyss.—If he would scan
The fearful chasm, and catch a transient glimpse
Of its unfathomable depths, that so
His mind may turn with double joy to God,
His only certainty and resting place;
He must put off a while this mortal vest,
And learn to follow, without giddiness,
To heights where all is vision, and surprise,
And vague conjecture.—He must waste by night
The studious taper, far from all resort
Of crowds and folly, in some still retreat,
High on the bleeting promontory's crest,
Or in the caves of the vast wilderness,
Where, compass'd round with nature's wildest shapes,
He may be driven to centre all his thoughts
In the great architect, who lives confess'd
In rocks, and seas, and solitary wastes:
So has divine philosophy, with voice
Mild as the murmurings of the moonlight wave,
Tutor'd the heart of him, who now awakes,
Touching the chords of solemn minstrelsy,
His faint, neglected song—intent to snatch
Some vagrant blossom from the dangerous steep
Of Poesy; a bloom of such an hue
So sober, as may not unseemly suit
With truth's severer cross; and one, withal,
So hardy as shall brave the passing wind
Of many winters, rearing its meek head
In loneliness, when he who gathered it
Is number'd with the generations gone.
Yet not to me has God's good providence
Given studious leisure,* or unbroken thought,
Such as he owns a—meditative man,
Who, from the blush of morn to quiet eve
Consults, and turns the page of wisdom o'er,—
Close from the busy crowd's tumultuous din:
From noise and wrangling far, and undisturbed
With Mirth's unholy shouts. For me the day
Brings duties which require the vigorous hand
Of steadfast application; but which leave
No deep, improving trace upon the mind.
But be the day another's; let it pass;
The night's my own—they cannot steal my night!
When evening lights her folding star on high,
I live and breathe, and in the sacred hours
Of quiet and repose, my spirit flies,
Free as the morning, o'er the realms of space,
And mounts the skies, and imp's her wing for heaven.

P * * * *

* The author was then in an Attorney's office.

AN OBLIGING EPISTLE.

SIR: To avoid all proceedings unpleasant,
I beg you will pay what is due;
If you do you'll OBLIGE me at present;
If you don't, then I must OBLIGE you.

AN OLO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

The Sphinx (according to Heathen mythology) was a great riddle-maker. She was half a woman and half a lion: she lived near Thebes, and to every one that came she proposed a riddle, and if they did not find it out she devoured them. At length Oedipus came, and she asked him "What is that animal which walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night?" Oedipus answered, Man: in childhood, which is the morning of life, he crawls on his hands and feet; in middle age, which is noon, he walks on two; in old age he leans on a crutch, which serves for a supplementary third foot.

WEALTH.—It is a foolish thing, that without money one cannot live as one pleases, or where or with whom one pleases. Swift somewhere says that money is liberty; and I fear money is friendship too, and society, and almost every external blessing. It is a great, though an ill-natured comfort, to see most of those who have it in plenty, without pleasure, without liberty, and without friends.—Gray.

Hieronimus Cardanus, who insisted upon the advantages of perfect rest, observes that trees live longer than animals, because they never stir from their places.

BAD SINGING.—There was something of novelty, it is true, but not less of reason, in the proceeding of a late esteemed minister of New England, who, at the close of a very badly sung psalm, read another to the choir, saying, "You must try again, for it is impossible to preach after such singing."

Man has a wandering heart—his soul
Spurns fitters, slavery, and control—
To day he climbs the snow-clad steep,
To-morrow ploughs the foamy deep—
And now he roams the mountain side,
Without a friend, without a guide—
Till woman bids his wayward steps to cease,
And turns his Arab th'o's to home and peace.

THE LILY.

How wither'd, perish'd, seems the form
Of you obscure, unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.
The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the sealy folds,
Nor see within the dark embræe
What latent loveliness it holds.
Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.
Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighted, slighted thing;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the Spring.
Oh! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturb'd repose,
Unjur'd lies the future birth;
And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view:
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.
Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!
The sun, the shower indeed shall come;
The promis'd verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.
And thou, O virgin Queen of Spring!
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath'd silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;
Unfold the robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petal's silvery light
In the mild breeze unfetter'd wave.
So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye;
And bear the long, cold wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom,
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
Eternal Spring! shall burst the gloom.

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